

The Middletown Transcript.

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MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 31, 1878.

NO 35

Hardware, Stoves, Tin, &c.

**Hardware,
STOVES,
TIN-WARE,**

AND
Agricultural Implements,

AT

LINDLEY & KEMP'S

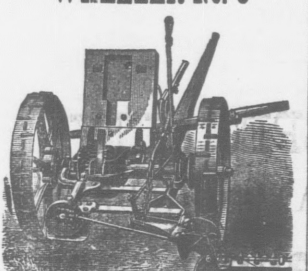
Middletown Stove

AND

Hardware House

Middletown, Delaware.

WHEELER No. 6



MOWER & REAPER

A complete stock of TOOLS and Supplies

for Carpenters, Builders, Masons, Saddlers,

Shoemakers and others, with many House-

furnishing articles. We invite the public to

call and examine our prices.

Paints, Oils, Varnish,

Turpentine, Glass

and Putty.

AYER & BRADFORD'S

Ready-Mixed Paint

THE BEST IN USE.

KANAWHA

Cucumber Wood Pumps

CHEAPEST AND BEST.

Archer Steel-Tooth

Horse Rake.

Stoves and Tin Ware.

HAVING SUCCEEDED TO THE BUSI-

ness of J. B. ROBERTS, Esq., at his old stand

ON MAIN STREET,

we respectfully solicit a continuance of his

patronage. We will have constantly on hand

Stoves & Heaters.

Among others, Victor Cook Range,

Middletown Cook, Harvest

Home Range, Niagara

Cook, Anchor

Stoves and Heaters, Perry Fire-

place Heaters, etc., etc.

ALSO,

SLATE MANTELS

of every price and description. A full line of

TIN WARE

AND

HOUSE FURNISHING Articles

TIN AND IRON

Roofing & Spouting

A SPECIALTY,

And will be Promptly and Neatly Done at

BOTTOM PRICES.

REPAIRS

for all kinds of

STOVES

Tin Ware of every description made to

order and repairing of all kinds promptly at-

tended to.

Give us a Call Before Purchas-

ing Elsewhere.

LINDLEY & KEMP.

March 16, 1878.

Select Poetry

THESE REMOVED.

A little footstep pattering on the floor,

A golden head laid gently on my knee;

A shadow darkening all the earth and sky,

And life is sad and desolate to be.

Sweet lips half parted in a peaceful smile;

The light of God upon that baby brow;

A hush upon the tiny, waken face—

Our darling's but a tender memory now.

Our grief aghast, we try to calmly think,

To ask ourselves half sternly—Is it right

That we should mourn that to eternal rest

Her infant form was laid by us to-night?

Lo! later years her footsteps might have turned

Aside from paths that point the heavenly

gate:

Perchance she might have heard the awful

words:

"You cannot now—too late—too late."

And, now? Ah, yes! our darling calmly

sleeps;

Earth holds for her no hope, nor grief, nor

loss;

Another life has gained the pardon won

With such deep pain upon the bitter cross.

Miscellaneous.

ORIENTAL MAGIC.

[W. P. Fogg in the Cleveland Herald.]

I was smoking my chibouk on the

wide verandah of a bungalow, or govern-

ment inn, one day in Northern India.

It was in January, but the

weather was intensely hot, and my

Dak gahra, with its rough, untrained

horses, had stopped here for a mid-day

rest. My Hindostane servant, with an

unpronounceable name, whom I had

nicknamed "Handy Andy" on

account of certain unhandy ways, and a

merry twinkle of the eye that indi-

cated no lack of Hindostani humor,

came up to the porch, and with a

salutation, said: "Would Sahib like to

see conjurer make tricks?" "Yes,

bring him on." I suspected the fel-

low was consulting his own fondness

for amusement more than mine, but it

was too hot to sleep, and I was ready

for any thing that would kill time. A

tall, fine-looking Hindoo, with a clear-

cut, intelligent face, and eyes that

looked straight at you, with no indica-

tion of "ways that are dark and tricks

that are vain," next appeared on the

scene. He was dressed in the ordi-

nary long white robe of his race, with

a rich cashmere shawl wound round

his waist, and his salutation and man-

ners were respectful, without the least

shade of servility. He was followed

by two attendants, carrying the vari-

ous implements of his profession,

which they spread out before him, and

a dozen or two hangers on of all ages

grouped themselves at a respectful

distance to enjoy the free show. The

ground in front of the bungalow was

paved with large, flat stones, and upon

one of these the conjurer seated him-

self, curling his legs under him in

Oriental fashion, and asked in Hin-

distanee, "What special trick would

the Sahib like to see?" At the same

time he bared his arms, long, well-

formed, but muscular, and unfitted his

shawl to open his robe and show me

that there was no concealed mecha-

nism about his person. I told him

through Handy Andy that I would

like him to perform the mango trick

—which I had seen once before at

Delhi without being able to penetrate

its mysteries. He nodded assent, and

taking a box about ten inches square,

filled it with earth, and in it planted

a mango nut about the size of an En-

glish walnut, having first handed it to

me for examination. He then made a

the, mainly, cover to report progress.

The first time a sprout three or four

inches long appeared, at which he ex-

pressed satisfaction, and carefully

watered it from a small sprinkling-

pot. The next time it was a foot

high, and the leaves seemed just form-

ing. The third time it was fully two

feet in height, and appeared to be

growing most vigorously. At the close

of his other performances he tossed

aside the enveloping cloth and tripod

of sticks, and lo! there was a mango-

tree or bush about five feet high, with

perfectly formed leaves and branches.

He brought it to me, and I sat-

isfied myself beyond question that it was

a real, live tree by breaking off a

branch, which I kept for a souvenir.

He then pulled it up by the roots, to

which was attached the nut partially

decayed and covered with fine fibrous

sprouts. He then emptied the earth

from the box to show that nothing

was concealed within it.

When it is borne in mind that all

this was done in broad daylight, with

no person usually near him, the per-

former's arms being bare to the shoul-

ders, and seated upon a stone pave-

ment, it is not surprising that the by-

standers seemed filled with amaze-

ment not unmixed with awe. It was plain

that they considered him in league with

the evil spirit or gifted with supernat-

ural powers. Their faces would have

been to me an interesting study if my

own attention had not been so closely

riveted on the conjurer.

Through Handy Andy I offered him

twenty rupees if he would disclose to

me the secret of the mango-tree. I

then doubled and trebled the offer,

but he only shook his head, and I pre-

sume a thousand rupees would have

been no temptation. I rewarded him

with a generous "tip," and for the mo-

ment regretted that I was not a show-

man by profession. If I could only

have secured his services for an Amer-

ican engagement there would have

been "millions in it."

The wonderful tricks of conjury and

juggling which are sometimes witness-

ed in Oriental countries may well

make one distrust the evidence of his

senses. While I claim to be specially

matter-of-fact, without the slightest

faith in the supernatural, I have in

vain puzzled my brain to account for

the *modus operandi*, and sometimes

rubbed my eyes to make sure I was

not dreaming. It excited my wonder

and admiration to witness the skill

and expertness of the performer, but

I never for a moment doubted that it

was a trick which could be rationally

explained. In the East the profession

of a conjurer inspires dread. He is

looked upon as in league with the evil

spirit. The ordinary Oriental mind

does not seek to penetrate his secret,

but takes it for granted that he pos-

sesses supernatural powers. His imagi-

nation is easily excited, and a belief

in magic is universally accepted as a

part of his religious creed. In the

holy book of Buddha the magic arts

open a short road to attain that per-

fection of power and wisdom which

culminates in the cessation of sensib-

le existence. The more refined and

learned class of Buddhists repudiate

and despise the grosser exhibitions of

common magic and charlatanism, but

as the common people will not dispen-

se with these marvels, every great

monastery keeps a conjurer who does

not belong to the brotherhood of the

Convent, and is allowed to marry. The

practitioners possess no literature, but

hand down the secrets of their art by

tradition. In India, conjuring as well

as snake charming is a hereditary

profession, and their mystic practices

are transmitted from father to son.

It is a good plan if one has anything

marvelous to relate to tell first what

he has seen himself, and afterward

what may have come to him at second-

hand. The old missionary Jesuits in

India and China relate with holy hor-

ror the magic arts of the sorcerers

which came under their own obser-

vation, and lament that some credulous

princes, who had been converted to

Christianity, should still allow diabol-

ical tricks to be played before them.

As for instance, goblets of silver to

be moved from one end of a table to

another without hands, and heavy ar-

ticles of furniture to dance about the

room as if possessed of demons. This

was many centuries before the devel-

opment of modern spiritualism, and

these sages and pious old monks

would be shocked at seeing tables tip-

pled, banjos banged, fiddles fly through

the air, and bells rung in cabinets

when the evil "spirits" were supposed

to be tied hand and foot.

A very learned friar, who is spoken

of as perfectly truthful, says that

among the Tartars there are certain

men whom they honor above all oth-

ers, who are idol priests from India,

persons of deep wisdom, well conduct-

ed, and of the purest morals. They

are acquainted with the magic arts,

and depend upon the counsel and aid

of demons. Among other delusions

they exhibit, which he describes with

great exactness, he says they can sit

in the air without any visible support

—first on a tripod of three sticks, then

one stick after another is removed,

and still the man remains, not touch-

ing the ground. He further relates

that with a long cane he felt all under

the suspended individual, and found

nothing upon which his body rested.

This last performance was professedly

exhibited in Madras during the pre-

sent century, and is minutely described

by writers "whose veracity cannot be

impeached."

And now comes the most astonish-

ing trick of all, which has a touch

of tragedy to give it a more piquant
